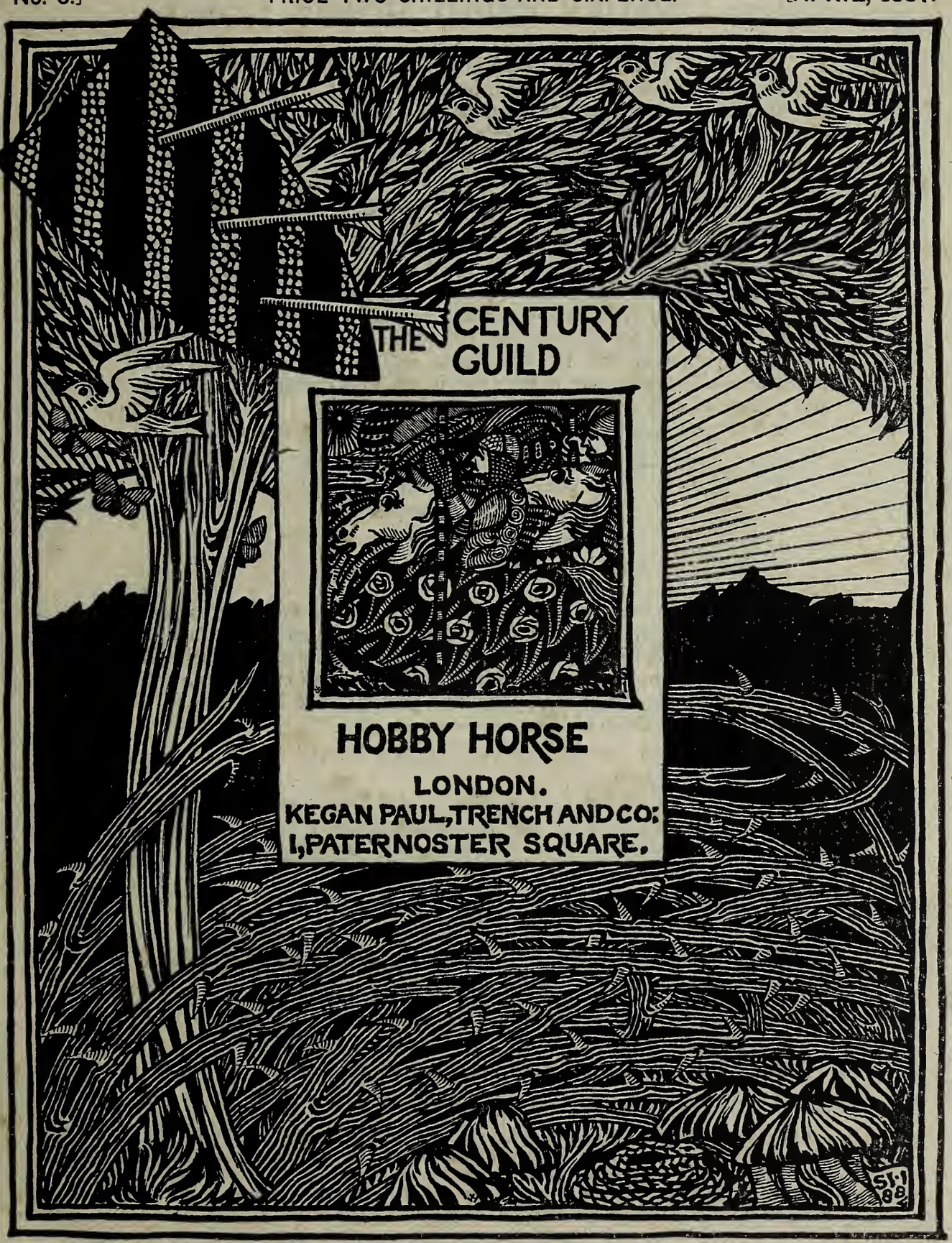
No. 6.] PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE. [APRIL, 1887.



"THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE."

The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of Art the sphere, no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass-painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would be once more regarded as legitimate and honourable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and painting but to the drama, to music, and to literature.

In other words, the Century Guild seeks to emphasize the *Unity of Art;* and by thus dignifying Art in all its forms, it hopes to make it living, a thing of our own century, and of the people.

In the Hobby Horse, the Guild will provide a means of expression for these aims, and for other serious thoughts about Art.

The matter of the Hobby Horse will deal, chiefly, with the practical application of Art to life; but it will also contain illustrations and poems, as well as literary and biographical essays.

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CONTENTS OF NO. VI.

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE: PRISCILLA AND AQUILA, being one of the designs prepared for the decoration of the chapel at Eaton Hall, by Frederic Shields; from a heightened version of the original cartoons in the possession of Mrs. Russell Gurney, by the kind permission of His Grace the Duke of Westminster.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF HARLECH CASTLE. Herbert P. Horne 45

ARTHUR BURGESS. John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D.; illustrated by a selection of the woodcuts prepared for the unfinished portion of "Proserpina," and engraved by the late Arthur Burgess 46

"THE THOUGHTS" OF MARCUS AURELIUS. Arthur Galton . . . 54

ARBITRARY CONDITIONS OF ART. Arthur H. Mackmurdo . . 55

SPRING. William Bell Scott 65

ANCIENT LEGENDS OF IRELAND. Arthur Galton 67

FOR DAISY. Herbert P. Horne 75

NESCIO QUÆ NUGARUM.

No. IV. CAROLS FROM THE COAL-FIELDS. Herbert P. Horne 76

No. V. OF THE DRAWING OF "PRISCILLA AND AQUILA" . 78

NOTE.—It will interest our readers to be reminded that the frontispiece called "The Lady of the Rains," which appeared in our first number, January, 1886, was by Arthur Burgess, the subject of Mr. Ruskin's touching and beautiful memoir. His interest in the "Hobby Horse" was great: we hoped to give our readers more of his work, and to profit ourselves by his advice and help; *sed Dis aliter.*—EDITOR.

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F. SHIELDS.

PRISCILLA AND AQUILA

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LINES WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF HARLECH CASTLE.

God! We are but the remnant of those men
That thus with might
Fenced them the secret of their being, when,
As now, 'twas night.

Though we have lost their aim of life, nor need
This rock of hands,
'Tis theirs,—our bonds of man to man, our creed,
Our laws, our lands;

Theirs, but without the saving spirit, theirs
Without their love,
Through greed laid heavy on this time, that bears
The pain thereof.

Show us again thy purpose from afar
Starred in the inane;
We have no end, nor reason why we are,
But lust and gain.

Herbert P. Horne.

ARTHUR BURGESS.

I DO not know how many years ago, but sadly many, came among the morning letters to Denmark Hill, one containing a richly wrought dark woodcut,—of—I could not make out exactly what,—and don't remember now what it turned out to be,—but it was by a fine workman's attentive mind and hand, that much was certain; and with it was a little note, to this effect, in words, if not these following, at least as modest and simple. "I can cut wood like this, and am overworked, and cannot make my living,—can you help me?——Arthur Burgess."

I answered by return post, asking him to come and see me.

The grave face, honest but reserved, distressed but unconquerable, vivid yet hopeless, with the high-full-forward but strainedly narrow forehead, impressed me as much as a face ever did, but extremely embarrassed me inexplicable as the woodcut; but certainly full of good in its vague way. After some talk, I found that though he had original faculty, it had no special direction, nor any yet well struck root; he had been variously bound, embittered, and wounded in the ugly prison-house of London labour—done with all the strength of nerve in him, and with no help from his own heart or anyone else's. I saw the first things he needed were rest, and a little sympathy and field for his manual skill. It chanced that I was much set on botanical work at the time; so I asked him to come up in the forenoons, and make drawings from my old fashioned botanical books, or from real flowers, such as he would have pleasure in engraving, for Proserpina.

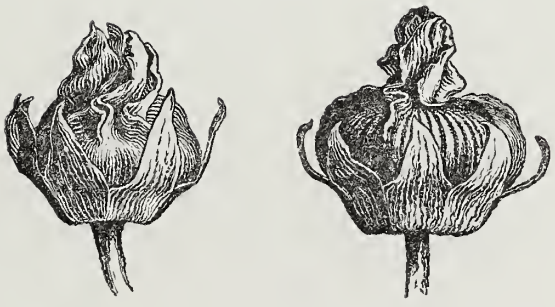
And soon we got into a quiet and prosperous way of work together: but there was always reserve on his side—always puzzlement on mine. I did not like enslaving him to botanical woodcut, nor was I myself so set on floral study as to make it a sure line of life for him. Other chances and fancies interfered, dolorously, with the peace of those summers, between 1860 and 1870,—they were, when I had finished Modern Painters, and saw it was not of the least use: while the reception of the more serious thought I had given to Munera Pulveris angered and paralysed me—so that I had no good spirit to guide my poor friend with: in 1867, the first warning mischief to my own health showed itself; giddiness and mistiness of head and eyes, which stopped alike my drawing and thinking to any good purpose. I went down into Cumberland and walked and rowed till I was well again, but don't know what poor Burgess did, except that—so far as I know—he would not have fallen into extreme distress without telling me. In 1869, after much vacillation and loss of impetus, I went to Verona to study the Scala tombs, and took Arthur with me. Partly by his own good instincts and power, partly—I am vain enough to think, under my teaching, he had become by that time, such a draughtsman in black and white as I never knew the match of, with gifts of mechanical ingenuity and mathematical intelligence in the highest degree precious to me. If he had been quite happy in his work—and I quite resolute in mine; and we had settled ourselves to do Verona—Padua—Parma—together—there had been good news of us—there and elsewhere.

"Dis aliter?"—by no means; "Daemonibus aliter"—I should once have said; but my dear friend Henry Willett declares there is no Devil,—and I am myself of the same mind so far at least as to be angry with myself instead of Him:—and sorry, only for the want of

Vision in my own mind, not in the least reproaching the Vision of Fate. Arthur did everything I wanted of him at Verona in perfectness. He drew the mouldings of the Scala Tombs as never architecture had been drawn before—he collated and corrected my measurements; he climbed where I could not, and at last made a model in clay of every separate stone in the Castelbarco Tomb, showing that without any cement the whole fabric stood on its four pillars with entire security,—the iron binding bars above the capitals being needful only as security against vibration. But all this he did without joy, with beautiful fidelity and pride in doing well, but not seeing what the work might come to, or perhaps too wisely foreseeing that it could come to nothing. At last—on an excursion to Venice—his small room opening on a stagnant canal, he fell into a fit of delirious fever, through which my servant, Frederick Crawley, nursed him bravely; and brought him back to me, but then glad to be sent home. For the rest, I had received at Verona the offer of the Slade Professorship—and foolishly accepted it. My simple duty at that time was to have stayed with my widowed mother at Denmark Hill, doing whatever my hand found to do there. Mixed vanity—hope of wider usefulness and, partly her pleasure in my being at Oxford again, took me away from her, and from myself.

Mr. Burgess came down sometimes to Oxford to help me in diagram and other drawing, and formed his own circle of friends there;—I am thankful to associate with the expression of my own imperfect, blind, and unserviceable affection, that of the deeper feeling of one who cared for him to the end.

"I remember well the first time that I met Arthur Burgess, one evening at a man's rooms in Queen's. He asked me to breakfast with him, I think it was the next morning, at the Roebuck. I not



only breakfasted with him; we spent the whole day together; we went out for a long walk, talking of Art, of Religion, of all manner of things. Immediately and immensely I was attracted by him, attracted by his width of view, his serious feeling, his quick humour, which was abounding, attracted perhaps above all by his generous acceptance of me: but I little guessed that on that day had begun one of the most valuable, and the closest, and the dearest friendships, that I shall ever know.

"After I had left Oxford we came gradually to see one another very often: as the years went by our intimate relationship increased. We entered into one another's lives, if I may so say, absolutely. There was not a care, an expectation, a work, an interest of any kind of importance, which we did not share. We trusted one another so thoroughly, that I am sure there was nothing about myself that I cared to hide from him; and I believe that there was little about him, that he hid from me. And therefore, when I am speaking of him, now that he is gone, I feel that I am speaking from as sure a knowledge as ever one man can have of another. I do not wish, as he would not have wished me, to write a panegyric over him. He had great weaknesses, and great faults: he had powers so rare, and virtues so fine, that I am afraid it would sound merely exaggeration, if I said all the good that I knew of him. But some of the good I must say out. No man, I believe, ever breathed, whose spiritual and moral instincts were more delicate; whose devotion to his friends was more thorough and chivalrous; who more readily and on every occasion held his keen intelligence patiently and unreservedly at their service. He did foolish things, and, it may be, unworthy things: why should I hesitate to say what nobody was so ready to acknowledge as he was himself? But I will say this also without fear and without any

reservation, that he was simply incapable of doing anything which had in it one grain of meanness. I have known him suffer the loss of a friendship, which was very dear to him, and endanger another, rather than break a promise of silence, which certainly under the circumstances most men of honour would have held him justified in breaking. His health for many years was bad, his circumstances were unavoidably hard, he was cursed or blessed, as you like to call it, with a self-torturing spirit of extreme subtlety, which probably no circumstances in the world could have saved him from the pains and dangers of. Yet, whenever a thing seemed to him a real duty, he carried it through and through. The pains he was ready to take over any work or any service were immense. No one ever went to him in trouble or for advice, but he gave them generously and cheerfully all that it was in his power to give them. Yet there was about him no suspicion of patronizing; and of the innumerable acts of kindness small and great, which so many of us have received from him, no one would ever hear mention or hint from his own lips. I know that all this, that I am saying about my friend, is simply true. I loved him too dearly, and honoured him too highly, to care now about denying his faults, or about speaking of his splendid qualities with unbalanced emotion."

During the years when I was lecturing, or arranging the examples in my school, Mr. Burgess was engaged at fixed salary; executing either the woodcuts necessary to illustrate my lectures, or drawings to take permanent place in the school examples. So far as I was able to continue Proserpina, the woodcuts were always executed by him: and indeed I was wholly dependent on his assistance for the effectual illustrations of my most useful books. Especially those in Ariadne Florentina and Aratra Pentelici are unequalled, whether in

precision of facsimile, or the legitimate use of the various methods of wood engraving according to his own judgment. He never put name or initial to his work, trusting to my occasional acknowledgment of the relations between us,—heaven knows—not given grudgingly, but carelessly and insufficiently, as in the stray note at p. 72 of Ariadne—or sometimes with mere commendation of the engraving—as at p. 78 of Aratra, without giving his name.

At that time I had entire confidence in my own power, and hope in his progressive skill—and expected that we should both of us go on together, doing better and better, or else that he would take up some line of separate work which would give him position independently of any praise of mine.

Failing myself in all that I attempted to do at Oxford I went into far away work, historical and other, at Assisi and in Venice, which certainly not in pride, but in the habit fixed in me from childhood of thinking out whatever I cared for silently, partly also now in states of sadness which I did not choose to show, or express was all done without companions; poor Arthur suffering more than I knew, (though I ought to have known) in being thus neglected. The year '78 brought us together again once more;—he was several times at Brantwood: the last happy walk we had together was to the top of the crags of the south west side of the village of Coniston. He was again in London after that and found there and possessed himself of some of Blake's larger drawings—known to me many and many a year before. George Richmond had shown them to me—with others —I suppose about 1840,—original studies for the illustrations to Young's Night Thoughts—and some connected with the more terrific subjects etched for the Book of Job. I bought the whole series of them at once;—carried it home triumphantly—and made myself

unhappy over it—and George Richmond again delivered me from thraldom of their possession.

They were the larger and more terrific of these which poor Arthur had now again fallen in with—especially the Nebuchadnezzar —and a wonderful witch with attendant owls and grandly hovering birds of night unknown to ornithology.

No one at the time was, so far as I know, aware of the symptoms of illness which had been haunting me for some days before, and I only verify their dates by diary entries,—imaginative, then beyond my wont, and proving that before the Blake drawings came, my thoughts were all wandering in their sorrowful direction,—with mingled corruscations of opposing fancy, too bright to last. As I have no intention of carrying Praeterita beyond the year '75,—up to which time none of my powers, so far as I can judge, were anywise morbid, I may say here, in respecting the modes of overstrain which affected alike Arthur Burgess and myself in our later days that our real work, and habits of consistent thought—were never the worse for them : that we always recognized dream for dream, and truth for truth :—that Arthur's hand was as sure with the burin after his illness at Verona as in the perfect woodcuts of which examples are given with this paper; and that whatever visions came to me of other worlds higher or lower than this, I remained convinced that in all of them, two and two made four. Howbeit we never saw each other again, though Arthur was for some time employed for me at Rouen, in directing the photography for which I had obtained permission to erect scaffolding before the north gate of the west front of the cathedral : and in spite of my own repeated illnesses, I still hoped with his help, to carry out the design of "Our Fathers have told us." But very certainly—any farther effort in that direction is now

impossible to me : the more that I perceive the new generation risen round us cares nothing about what its Fathers either did or said. In writing so much as this implies of my own epitaph with my friend's, I am thankful to say securely for both of us, that we did what we could thoroughly, and that all we did together will remain trustworthy and useful—uncontradicted, and unbettered, till it is forgotten.

J. RUSKIN.

Brantwood, 28th Feb. 1887.

"THE THOUGHTS" OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

The gentlest soul that ever ruled mankind
Reveals himself in this immortal book ;
O'er life's wild sea his lonely way he took,
A haven of repose and peace to find.

If thou wouldst follow him then rule thy mind,
Opinion curb, and inwards turn thy look :
No earthly trouble his firm soul e'er shook,
And to men's meanness he was deaf and blind.

" Content comes not from palaces or gold,"
He said, " and royal state will soothe no tear ;
Live inwardly, or thou canst not be free."

The storm of life still rages as of old,
But through its tumult his grave voice we hear
Calming the billows of the bitter sea.

ARTHUR GALTON.

ARBITRARY CONDITIONS OF ART.

"Let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them. According to all that I shew thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it."

THIS was the message that came to the first artist of antiquity, to him who "was filled with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works." This, too, is the message which comes to each true artist of to-day.

Now, whatever else these words may imply, they at least do carry an injunction, enjoining the artist to execute each work with more than a common care, and with an intentional regard to some inspiring purpose. "Look that thou make them after their pattern which was shewed thee in the mount." Here, at least, Art is considered so important, that some arbitrary guidance is authoritatively stated to be necessary. The artist is not left free to follow any pattern — any pattern shown him; whether by the Schoolbred, whether by the Agnew, whether by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, or by the Academy of his day; but *their* pattern, their authoritative pattern must he follow which is showed him by Nature, that supreme arbiter of all life's effort. Nor is the pattern his by any peculiar privilege; he has only to rise high enough above commonplace considerations by the *scala cœli* of Art itself; high enough above the low level of the golden calf worship, and the gift is his. And of the

necessity for this pattern—this singleness and seriousness of purpose that must condition all the Arts, every age, by word and by work, has borne witness. Its importance, then, we dare not doubt, nor should that man hesitate to consider himself as its guardian who is sensible of the value of Art—sensible of the inestimable value of the works of men such as Webb, Watts, and Madox Brown ; sensible of the utter worthlessness, as Art, of those works that have never cost their authors a pain, or that have never led us into companionship of large sympathies—works such as the cheaply-painted landscape that passes for a picture, and the cheaply-built villa that passes for architecture. Yet, while aware that the value of Art depends, not upon Art's being what a Sèvres vase is to a wine goblet, but rather upon its being what the goblet, with its graven poetry and full draught of wine is to the mouth and mind of the user : while aware that its value depends, not upon its being an effeminate adjunct of life, but rather upon its usefulness in being a tributary to swell that stream of ideal tendencies which actuates life. This, its chief motive, the most thoughtful of us is liable at times to lose sight of. And when, in London, at this moment, we look about us ; when we see artists working without guidance, and designing after no authoritative pattern ; when we see Art made the merchandise of Bond Street, the excuse for a lounge at the Academy, and claiming no more respect than that which attaches to those familiar subjects that are discussed at afternoon tea ; when we see Art the plaything of indulgence, so effete in influence, and so vague in aim, we cannot doubt the cause. We must have slacked the reins of purpose, we must have fallen away from that which is a chief factor in Art's creation, and a chief cause of Art's influence. Here, then, let us recall to mind this fundamental principle, that we may give to the Arts that great intention which they have had in the

past; and which they again must have, if in the future they are to be directly related to the most lasting interests of life.

Art is fundamentally an external symbol or manner of life. It is character dealing with the uses and with the hopes of life. And to have the power of artistic creation is to have the power of supplying life with symbols—those great and graceful things, which, active in sensuous form, initiate and direct the aspirations, and so make for the more perfect patterning of life. Whether then we speak of this need of imaginative interest as involving an arbitrary pattern in the conduct of life, or as involving an arbitrary pattern in the conception of Art, matters not, though we speak of it here as a principle of Art.

Look back for a moment, and see what this has been in the past. Look back into time and review those ages in which the artistic nature of man produced its Scopas, its Brunnelleschi, and its William of Wickham, and what do we see? We behold times in which the artist seemed to find the true spirit of his pattern in making Art a minister of his daily life; the beauty of his table and the glory of his altar. To him, Art was not chiefly the rounding of the earthen rim that man might drink more thankfully of the cup of life, but rather its symbolic endowment for the sake of imaginative interest. Never in those days was Art regarded as some ornate edging of life's vesture, to have or to miss, as chance might decree, or as the purse might indulge. Rather was it, that in dignified alliance with objects of perpetual service, Art entered every home, gracing each agency of life, and giving to every kind of life its necessary set of symbols. And why was this? Why was Art nowhere a stranger, nowhere an idol? First, because he only was an artist who felt the need of symbols; secondly, because the artist thought not to supply the world with Art, but sought to fashion for himself a new world of imagery.

Therefore it was, directly this symbolic function of Art went, directly this went which was the secret of its power and of its success, Art went away, and no skill—no Meissonier's hand could keep it.

In those days, then, Art was in act and in intention neither less nor more than the ordering, so to speak, of the water-way; the choice completion of the well-head; a choice completion which has always been the outcome of a common effort to heighten use to an all-wide joy, so that everything which the eye might see, or the hand might handle, within the tabernacle of man's existence, while adequately meeting his creature requirements, might arouse his reason, his taste, and his sentiment.

The choice completion of things necessary: this is the function of the decorative Arts,[1] those Arts that, beginning in the endowment of the platter with simple imagery, find their end in the glorification of the temple walls. "Look that thou make them after their pattern shewed thee in the mount." How then shall we follow this pattern in architecture? If we answer this, we answer for all the Arts; for this Art comprehends all others, inasmuch as it is architecture that builds up the inner formal world in which all actual imagery lives, and which all imagery makes interesting; a world as self-contained and as fully informed by the Creative Genius as that outer world wherein Nature reigns; one also to be as much reverenced, since it is the joint creation of all peoples and of all ages; the soul treasury of all remaining from the inner life of the human past. For our purpose, however, we will take it part by part, dismissing architecture proper by saying it should be the Scholarship of Construction informed with character and with purpose: or to use our old definition, the choice completion of skilful building. If we understand this, it is sufficient

[1] That is, those arts that appeal to the imagination through the eye.

for its service and for its symbolism. For that music of proportion which comes from the delicate adjustment of space to space in window and wall is one of the grandest elements of Beauty, and it is the highest compliment the artist can pay to their necessity that he makes them lovely in their mere disposition and measure. But in the sculptured or pictorial ornament of these features, this is the authoritative pattern after which the artist must work, would he be guided, and would he have his Art adequate in interest. In order, the requisites are these :—

I. His ornament should be a finish of finished construction.

II. It should make a direct appeal to the sense.

III. It should be interesting and appropriate in symbolism.

Thus, the first is a test of the simplicity of an ornament's application ; the second is a test of its power in sensuous effect ; the third is a test of its subjective force.

By saying that it should be a finish of finished construction, it is meant that the ornament should be not the embellishment of ill-bound books, but the gracing of exquisite workmanship. This implies that it should claim for itself no necessity of structure, so that were the ornament omitted the construction would suffer no change. Now to allow but the slightest departure from this frank simplicity of application, or technical rightness, is inevitably to doom the artistic result of any work, as may be seen in the case of turrets, gables, and other features built up solely for picturesque effect in our suburban villas. To confine this condition within a more restricted limit, as some have tried to do, is unnecessary for the architect, since that "sentiment exquis de la service," so strong in the artist, will safely guide in matters of detail, making it impossible for him to exceed the limits of artistic propriety. Now the best example of this simple

application of ornament, is to be found in the decoration of structural points chosen for that purpose by the early Gothic builders, and in the directness of treatment employed by the metal workers and furniture workers of the fifteenth century. By saying that ornament should directly appeal to the sense, is meant that the general aspect of ornament should before all else be decorative and full of *taste*. And since the decorative aspect depends largely on a certain inevitableness of disposition in the parts, as in the case of musical intervals, the ornament should have movement, and this movement should be rhythmic. Only by insistence on this "tastefulness" or "sympathy" of arrangement in his ornament, by means of symmetry or by means of repetition that is, can the artist hope to be successful in exciting the sensuous nature to the degree required of Art. And in evidence of this decorative quality, we may study the Attic vases, the ornaments of Byzantine buildings, the carpets and the cretonnes of William Morris.

With regard to the subject of the ornament—first of all, this should be interesting in its symbolic treatment; that is, its symbolism must suggest and point to current ideas as in the most noted pictures of S. Palmer, G. F. Watts, and in the designs of F. Shields; secondly, the symbolism should be appropriate, that is, the imagery and temper of the ornament should harmonize with the building's rank, be it monumental in national importance, or be it of only homely service. For it cannot be considered appropriate to allow in a building devoted to public affairs, such as the War Office, that picturesque play, symbolic of a humour only legitimate in a private house. Nor again, can it be considered appropriate, to allow that gravity proper in ornament about a Court of Justice, to control the temper of ornament placed for the delight of the eye on entering a play-house. Of this fitness of

ornament no better examples do we know than the Sculptures of the Parthenon; the Italian altar-pieces, and the mosaics of Burne Jones. But how little effort is made to-day in street architecture to preserve this fitness of things may be seen in the repetition after repetition of the Acanthus, Mask, Mermaid, Cherub, or other hackneyed and long since ineloquent imagery, carved alike on Bank, School House, Music Hall, Mansion, Salvation Hall and Beer House; such is the vulgar inconsiderateness to be attributed to those who hand over the sculpture of buildings to the trader in carved ornaments. But our deficiencies do not end here.

When we think of Sculpture and Painting in their present condition we feel that these have perhaps fallen farthest from their old estate; for they have ignored their ancestry and have lent themselves to unworthy ends. Both Sculptor and Painter have lost sight of that monumental character of Art which is the soul of its traditional life. They look at their work not as the monument of an imagination dedicated to the religious agencies of life and appealing to the deep-lying sentiments common to the Artizan and to the Duke, but as the fashioning of a false bait with which to tempt the "successful man;" as the toy of another's idleness, or as the idol of his own ungifted industry, so that of the art of each it may be said, Declinat cursus aurumque volubile tollit. To such men, Art is not indeed possible, for they have no very intimate touch with the larger issues of life, and thus, missing life's mysteries and careless of life's aspirations, they need none of life's symbols, saying with the man whose eye is ever on his own navel, "They care not for any art which is not the likeness of what their own eyes see." Did all artists, then, hold undivided alliance with architecture in order to maintain their priestly function, neither the Sculptor of Lap Dogs nor the Painter of Kittens would

find any place allowed him in the world of Art. Nor is that too narrow a view which regards the sculptor's aim as one that seeks to make the niche of the architectural façade, its frieze, its pediment, and its pedestals alive with sculptured imagery. It is a field unlimited in its extent and in its claim for dignity of purpose, second to no other, as is amply proven by the pediments of the Greeks, the Baths of the Romans, and the Porches of the French Cathedrals. In domestic architecture, as it is under the present nomadic condition of life, this subordination of the pictures and sculptures to the architecture of our rooms may still be the dominant principle. These pictures, however diverse, may without detriment to themselves be made subject to order. They may be gathered into balanced groups or be brought into a frieze-like order, in each case giving a severity of arrangement enhancing the aspect of the room and securing its repose. By mere arrangement of this kind an architectural effect[1] may be obtained, where there is no architectural treatment beyond a skirting and a cornice. And further, even where objects are constantly being changed, and where this change is always rendered possible, the arrangement should be so defined, that the place or setting of each picture and bust may to all appearances be final. For neither the isolated statue nor the isolated picture, unassociated with any considered arrangement of surroundings, can look well, since neither has that "setting" which each work of Art demands—that appropriateness of setting which determines the mind's attitude, and compels in our approach towards it a respectful dignity.[2]

[1] The natural love of this architectural treatment is emphasized in the common arrangement of a kitchen dresser.

[2] Among the most artistic people—the Japanese—there are no independent arts, no isolated sculpture or painting; yet all is sculpture and painting, their every touch of beauty is symbolic: every touch, the grace of some service.

As to engraving and etching, each of these arts has a fair field in the illustration of literature. They are not sufficiently decorative in themselves, nor can they carry a dignity of treatment sufficient to make them serviceable allies of architecture, as was always understood by such men as Holbein, Durer, and Blake. The place for engraving and etching is in the portfolio or cabinet, and posterity will laugh at our attempt to decorate walls with the Liber Studiorum, or with the Méryon etching. Though not parts of architectural ornament however, these arts must yet follow the same pattern, and what has been said of Sculpture and of Painting, may with equal truth be said of Metal work, of Pottery, of Embroidery, and of Penmanship. For these arts like their kindred arts, when they reach excellence, attain to excellence chiefly because each piece is identified by the designer with some need of service or some need of symbol. This means that each is fashioned after an arbitrary pattern; and only by virtue of such great intention is the art made sister of Architecture and honoured in fellowship with the Fine Arts.

By thus thinking of the arts in their family relationship, we shall the more regard their total effect. We shall restrain this one now too dominant, we shall lead that to bolder pronouncement for the whole effect's sake, and so shall we avoid that dread equality of interest, which each object in our house, from the coal scuttle to the restless over-mantel strives to claim and which after all its teazing, we find makes only the monotonous dearth of interest more apparent.

The conclusion then that we come to is this; that he alone can be considered an artist whose work is, in the make of it technically right; in the manner of it sensuously beautiful; in the subject of it symbolically interesting: and they alone have the artistic gift, who have also the sense of a guiding principle which makes Art a necessity

of their life's order, and a poem of their heart's pleasure. A sense which will show its vigour by avoiding any expenditure of the imagitive faculty either on objects of no service, or on services of no object, and further, by curbing that undirected indulgence which would crowd our surroundings with lumber unredeemed either by fancy or by purpose. And this sense he will most respect, who most respects the dignity of life and at the same time seeks to preserve the nobility of its symbols, by ordering his tabernacle and all the instruments thereof after the pattern shown him in the mount of Life's Sinai!

ARTHUR H. MACKMURDO.

SPRING.

Welcome, Spring, too long delayed,
Kindest, most reluctant maid.
Sweetest of younger sisters, simplest one
Of the bare-bosomed chorus of the year.
Now the latest beech tree leaf
Hath fallen, the crocus sends his spear
Up through the earth, a little span
Each day increasing to the sheaf.
The housewife sings the damsel's song
The old man whistles like the boy,
Aches no more his limbs annoy
He steps out like a sower strong.
Sweetest of younger sisters, odorous-tressed,
Forcefully wooed by sharp-hoofed breezes, Spring!
Thy advent knows each living thing,
Thy poet is the re-born heart impressed
With love's light touch of wondrous flame,
That sense and soul revive the same.

Summer, with her proud silence and her haze
Of heat, her gracious shadows and her maze
Of leaves and undergrowths, and rills
Dropping asleep beneath the cloudless hills,

Hath no such kindly wing
As thou, bird-hatching Spring.
Autumn, with all her boisterous mirth
Shaking the red-ripe fruit upon the earth,
Shedding the rose-leaves, each eve shedding too
From saddening clouds and stars great drops of dew,
Hath not the prophet-tongue
Like thine, thou ever young,
Young as a child, than bride more fair,
Innocent of a blush, and strong
As a lion in a poet's song.

May I then near thee venture, in thy hair
To place this pink-edged daisy, Sweet ?
Alas, 'tis mortal even there,
A mortal, saintly Margarite.
The heedless sheep goes browsing on,
The daisy from the grass is gone.
Matron Summer is coming here
To crown the still-inconstant year.
But ere thou fliest, blue eyed Spring,
It suits us well to bring
Bound by this withy of poesy
An offering of thine own flowers to thee.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

ANCIENT LEGENDS OF IRELAND.

BY LADY WILDE.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, some little time ago, described its contemporary, *The Tablet*, as a window through which Englishmen could look, with much advantage to themselves, on to the world of Catholic Europe. This statement, no doubt, is perfectly true as far as it goes, though it might be urged that *The Tablet* is not quite the best guide for one who seeks to examine the Catholic Church in an enlightened way; and that, in these days of ours, a purely clerical paper gives only a warped, a one-sided view of the great world of Europe. If these qualifications are allowed me, then I would cordially agree, with *The Pall Mall Gazette*, in thinking that *The Tablet* is wholesome and profitable reading for the average Englishman, who too seldom looks through any window which gives him a satisfactory view of the world beyond the English Channel and the Irish Sea.

But in these delightful volumes, Lady Wilde has given her fellow-countrymen, if she will allow us so to describe ourselves, a window through which we can look quite out of our prosaic life, into a world of fancy and romance. It is a world with all the youthful freshness and charm of the earliest ages of historical man. These ancient legends of Ireland might be described as:—

Charm'd magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Lady Wilde takes her readers into fairy land; not into the unreal fairy land of nursery tales, but into a veritable world in which human people live, and move, and have their being, and surround themselves with exquisite fancies of the unseen universe beyond the narrow limits of mortal ken.

M. Renan, in his *Poésie des Races Celtiques*, speaks of those gifted races imagining that *la nature entière est enchantée et féconde;* and in these legends we find how true this is. Nothing, perhaps, can reveal a nation more truly than its imaginations about the unseen; and if this be so, it is a most profitable occupation for us to look through Lady Wilde's *charm'd magic casements* at the Irish, as these legends of theirs display them to us. They will do us far more good, and tell us a great deal more about Ireland, than the articles in the Tory Papers, or than the chilling speeches of the Unionists.

In these legends we are taken back to the earliest traditions which have been handed down in the human family, and we find them as they exist among the people who, of all the western nations, are the most unchanged. There is one quality in these ancient myths which cannot fail to strike an observant reader, and that is their profound melancholy, their yearning pathos. We often hear it asserted that pathos and melancholy are the wicked acquirements of our own century; indeed, in a recent book of curious art-criticisms, which had a title still more curious, it was stated of one of the greatest of living English artists, "that the underlying sadness of his work has no parallel in that of ancient times." I suppose the second *that* in the sentence refers to *sadness*, and the writer means to tell us that this sadness is less known to ancient art than it is to our own. There were many verdicts in the book to which I could hardly assent, many comparisons which seemed, to me, to illustrate the difference

between the refined Celtic spirit and the gross Germanic nature; but there was hardly a statement from which I dissented more completely than this one about pathos. I thought of Virgil's *lacrimæ rerum; the sense of tears in mortal things*, as it has been finely rendered by a living poet, whom the author of *Sententiæ Artis* mangles and misquotes. And then, in these ancient legends of the Irish race, I find *the sense of tears in mortal things* as evident in the oldest traditions which we possess: traditions so ancient that, in comparison with their age, the writings of Virgil are modern. With this brief preface, and this mild protest, I turn to Lady Wilde's volumes.

I propose to deal with three kinds of stories: stories of fairies, stories about poets, and stories about animals. The stories of fairies tell us most about the Irish nature; for instance, Lady Wilde insists, more than once, upon the connection between fairy melodies and Irish music. "It is remarkable," she says, "that the Irish national airs—plaintive, beautiful, and unutterably pathetic—should so perfectly express the spirit of the Céol-Sidhe (the fairy music), as it haunts the fancy of the people and mingles with all their traditions of the spirit world. Wild and capricious as the fairy nature, these delicate harmonies, with their mystic, mournful rhythm, seem to touch the deepest chords of feeling, or to fill the sunshine with laughter, according to the mood of the players; but, above all things, Irish music is the utterance of a Divine sorrow; not stormy or passionate, but like that of an exiled spirit, yearning and wistful, vague and unresting; ever seeking the unattainable, ever shadowed, as it were, with memories of some lost good, or some dim forebodings of a coming fate—emotions that seem to find their truest expression in the sweet, sad, lingering wail of the pathetic minor in a genuine Irish air." Emotions, too, which find their utterance in Shelley; of whom

this paragraph might be a criticism. And again, "On May Eve the fairy music is heard on all the hills, and many beautiful tunes have been caught up in this way by the people and the native musicians."

Besides the connection between the Irish airs and the fairy music, we find a close affinity between the Irish people and the fairies themselves. "The fairies," says Lady Wilde once more, "with their free, joyous temperament and love of beauty and luxury, hold in great contempt the minor virtues of thrift and economy. And, above all things, abhor the close, hard, niggardly nature that spends grudgingly and never gives freely. Indeed, they seem to hold it as their peculiar mission to punish such people." "Earth, lake, and hill are peopled by these fantastic, beautiful gods of earth; the wilful, capricious child spirits of the world." "The children of the Sidhe and a mortal mother are always clever and beautiful, and specially excel in music and dancing. They are, however, passionate and wilful, and have strange, moody fits, when they desire solitude above all things, and seem to hold converse with unseen spiritual beings." This last definition, which might almost serve for a description of the poetic nature, leads us on to what Lady Wilde tells us about the poets in Celtic antiquity. "Poets have a knowledge of mysteries above all other men." "The spirit of life was supposed to be the inspirer of poet and singer;" and "music and poetry are fairy gifts, and the possessors of them show kinship to the spirit race—therefore they are watched over by the spirit of life, which is prophecy and inspiration; and by the spirit of doom, which is the revealer of the secrets of death." So highly were poets esteemed by this spiritual race that "the Poet ranked next to the Princes of the land," he could dress in more gorgeous clothing than any people who were not royal, and he wore a mantle of birds'

plumage. The power of the poets, too, was mysterious and awful; they were lords over the secrets of life, through "the power of the Word." We read of a chief who was killed by satires, and another poet said, "I will satirize the mice in a poem, and forthwith he chanted so bitter a satire against them that ten mice fell dead at once in his presence." This poet was so delightfully particular that he refused to accept food from a boy, because his grandfather was chip-nailed; and from a beautiful maiden, because her grandmother had once "pointed out the way with her hand to some travelling lepers; after that, said the Poet, *How could I touch thy food?*" It is no wonder that the unfortunate Prince, whose emissaries were scorned in this way, "prayed to God to be delivered from *the learned men and women, a vexatious class.*" We are told of a very wise Seer who "never could be made to learn the English tongue, though he says it might be used with great effect to curse one's enemies;" and who that reads Reviews and literary squabbles can deny the profound insight of the prophet!

The Irish have invested the animal world with the same air of mystery and spirituality which they attribute to Nature, to the unseen. "The peasants believe that the domestic animals know all about us, especially the dog and the cat. They listen to everything that is said; they watch the expression of the face, and can even read the thoughts. The Irish say it is not safe to ask a question of a dog, for he might answer, and should he do so the questioner will surely die." The cat is regarded as singularly intelligent, but as slightly uncanny, too; a usual form of blessing is, "God save all here except the cat." Black cats "are endowed with reason, can understand conversation, and are quite able to talk if they considered it advisable and judicious to join in the conversation." If your

domestic pet is the king of the cats, "if he is really the royal personage, he will immediately speak out and declare who he is; and, perhaps, at the same time, tell you some very disagreeable truths about yourself, not at all pleasant to have discussed by the house cat." Here is an inimitable touch, about cat nature, and human nature, too. A certain cat was watching his mistress at her embroidery, and fell into a reverie: "the condition of human creatures is frightful; their minds are ever given to sewing of canvas, playing with dolls, or some such silly employment; their thoughts are not turned to good works, such as providing suitable food for cats. *What will become of them hereafter!*"

My space will not allow me to take more extracts from Lady Wilde's charming book. The Irish regard animals, and the whole world of nature, as something enchanted, something on a level with man, and full of sympathy with him; at the same time they fill the spiritual world with exquisite and graceful fairy forms and presences. As we read of these reflections of the Celtic nature, we realize, with M. Renan, that *c'est l'extrême douceur de mœurs qui y respire:* such exquisite and delicate fancies can only be produced by a delicate and exquisite people. It is for this reason that these *Ancient Legends of Ireland* are such profitable reading for us. We are all, possibly, too much inclined to think with Lord Tennyson, in his new *Locksley Hall:*—

"*Celtic Demos rose a Demon, shriek'd and slaked the light with blood.*"

Those who may be tempted to judge the Irish harshly, to think unkindly of the Celtic nature, as Lord Tennyson thinks, should remember that we, and not the Celts, are responsible for the longest crime in history, and for all that has resulted from it. For my own

part, I wonder, not at Irish violence; but at the *singular gentleness of disposition* which the Irish exhibit, at the extreme moderation of their demands. Every vessel, says Epictetus, has two handles, by one of which it can be carried, and by the other it cannot; he means that every subject has its good, its profitable aspect. And surely we have all dwelt long enough on what we consider to be the bad aspect of the Irish ; let us, then, with gratitude, accept Lady Wilde's good and charming aspect of them, and observe it to our lasting profit. Nothing, really, could profit us more than that the Irish should be free to develop their high gifts in their own way ; except that they should communicate a large share of them to us. We have gifts of our own, as a race, the long roll of our poets proclaims them ; but we should be all the better for a vast infusion of Celtism. This is the hour of the Celts in politics ; they have us by the throat ; and may their grip never be loosened till they have forced us into the path of justice and lucidity. We are on the eve, not of a Celtic Renaissance, but of a Celtic Resurrection. The Celts' immortal youth seems destined to vanquish even the despotism of facts. Perhaps the hour of the Celts is coming in Art, too ; it may be the function of their immortal youth, their eternal freshness, to electrify our too serious Germanic old age. He will be the most winning artist, especially will he be the most winning poet, who can learn how to fascinate our over-taught, thought-wearied generation with the young-eyed freshness, the entrancing rapture of Celtic Naturalism. Never was it more needful for all artists to remember that *he who would win mankind must fascinate it, he who would fascinate it must be winning.* A study of Lady Wilde's books, or indeed of any works which deal fairly with the Celts, brings out their fascination and winningness, their beautiful simplicity of nature. And these quali-

ties of fascination, charm, lightness, and direct simplicity are not the distinguishing notes of contemporary work in any sphere of English art. Our artists, and all of us who are not artists, should gaze long and earnestly into fairyland through Lady Wilde's *charm'd magic casements.*

ARTHUR GALTON.

FOR DAISY.

Why are you fair? Is it because we know
Your beauty stays but for another hour?
Why are you sweet? Is it because you show
Even in the bud the blasting of the flow'r?
Is it that we,
Already in the mind,
Too surely see
The thoughtless, ruthless hurry of the wind
Scatter the petals of that perfect rose.

Why are you sad? Is it because our kisses,
That were so sweet in kissing, now are past;
But are not all things swift to pass as this is
Which we desire to last?
Being too happy we may not abide
Within the happiness that we possess,
But needs are swept on by the ceaseless tide
Of Life's unwisdom, and of our distress;
As if to all this crowd of ecstasies
The present close
Were beauty faded, and deceivèd trust,
Locks that no hands may braid, dull listless eyes,
Eyes that have wept their lustre into dust,—
Who knows?

HERBERT P. HORNE.

NESCIO QUÆ NUGARUM.

No. IV.

CAROLS FROM THE COAL-FIELDS: AND OTHER SONGS AND BALLADS.

BY JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

Of the many volumes of verse lately published, one of the few worthy of regard is that containing Mr. Skipsey's collected poems. As yet he certainly has not gained the attention which he deserves; for he is a true poet, and all true work, great or small, demands the most conscientious and discriminating study that we are able to give it. In the present instance we must be pre-eminently discriminating, for we cannot read a dozen pages of his book and not recall to mind what our most discriminating living critic said of Wordsworth:—"Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work." And not only quite uninspired, but quite lamentable work does Mr. Skipsey present to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work. We read this poem and are delighted:—

"*The wind comes from the west to-night;*
So sweetly down the lane he bloweth
Upon my lips, with pure delight,
From head to foot my body gloweth.

"*Where did the wind, the magic find*
To charm me thus? say, heart that knoweth!
'*Within a rose on which he blows*
Before upon thy lips he bloweth!'"

And then, turning the leaf, we come upon this:—

"*She snapt her fingers, on her heel,*
Her sweet boot-heel—"

But perhaps not a little of this inequality comes from the way in which Mr. Skipsey is led, by influences the most opposite, into mere imitation. Blake, Rossetti, the present Anatomists of souls, and occasionally even Burns and his own Northumbrian Folk-Songs

have this empty influence over him. Every poet, and the greater he is the greater seems the necessity to him, must work his deliverance through whatever man he takes for his classic. Someone he must use for his deliverance, but as a guise of verity behind which to screen himself he must *not* use him; for a poet, above all men, must be true to himself; not that I would suggest for a moment that Mr. Skipsey is knowingly untrue to himself; but to be true to ourselves we must first fulfil the old command "Nosce Teipsum;" and this Mr. Skipsey has not perfectly fulfilled, else he would have seen that such deliverance as Blake could give him was not to be found in the Songs of Innocence. If we turn to the biographical notice of him at the end of the book, we shall at once discover why he invariably fails in certain subjects, and succeeds only in certain others. Here we read "Joseph Skipsey has passed the greater part of his life in coal-mines; he comes of a mining race . . . . At seven years of age he was sent into the coal-pits at Percy Main, near North Shields. Young as he was, he had to work from twelve to sixteen hours in the day, generally in the pitch-dark; and in the dreary winter months he only saw the blessed sun upon Sundays . . . But he had a brave heart . . . He taught himself to write, his paper being the trap-door, which it was his duty to open and shut as the waggons passed through, and his pen a bit of chalk." Who would wish such a man to succeed in "Psychic Poems," or in "Song Sequences," or in "Historical Ballads"? Had he perfectly fulfilled the old command it would have withheld him from such attempts. But he has not perfectly fulfilled it. Hence it is that he often uses Blake, and Burns on occasion, as a guise of verity behind which to screen himself, or, in short, he is led merely to imitate them as in the poems called "My Merry Bird," and "Polly and Harry;" and the result is an entire absence of style. And should we not expect this? for what is style but the setting free of whatever personality we may have by saying that which we desire to say in the simplest manner we are master of. This, and nothing more than this, produced the inimitable style of Burns and Blake. And so it is with Mr. Skipsey. When he is true to himself, how individual and delicate is his style. Take this of his:—

THE DEWDROP.

"Ah, be not vain. In yon flower-bell,
As rare a pearl, did I appear,
As ever grew in ocean shell,
To dangle at a Helen's ear.

"So was I till a cruel blast
Arose and swept me to the ground,
When, in the jewel of the past,
Earth but a drop of water found.

Here is his "affinity" to Blake. Here, as in the poems, "The Hartley Calamity," "Uncle Bob," "Get up!" "Alas!" he reveals his most precious talent, his profound sense of the pathetic mystery that fills all things in heaven and earth; what Blake sought to express in the figure:—

"*Weeping o'er,*
I hear the Father of ancient men."

and Virgil in the line:—

"*Sunt lacrymae rerum; et mentem mortalia tangunt.*"

It is his sense of the reality and seriousness of life, his lust of its joys and sorrows, in short, his sincerity that we shall chiefly value in his verse; not a little possession to be lord over for like men, the art that has not this leaven must presently be known for a tinkling cymbal.

If I have spoken of his faults, at greater length than I have spoken of his excellences, it is only because I have a large and sincere admiration of his finer pieces, and am fearful lest his inferior work should obscure the work of his more inspired moments. It is to be hoped that a further edition of his poems will shortly be needed, and that Mr. Skipsey will unhesitatingly regret not a little of the present volume. His technique is of the simplest, and his vocabulary limited, so that they would show best in a small compass. An unflinching hand and a sure judgment would have a book of few pages, but of significant value. And this is much to be desired, "Quod si scandalizaverit te manus tua, abscinde illam: bonum est tibi debilem introire in vitam, quàm duas manus habentem ire in gehennam, in ignem inextinguibilem."

HERBERT P. HORNE.

No. V.

OF THE DRAWING OF "PRISCILLA AND AQUILA."

"WE praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord." This is "that undisturbèd song of pure content," which Mr. Shields chose for interpretation in his cartoons for the adornment of the chapel at Eaton Hall. I say interpretation because the keenness of the vision, the fineness of the forms, and the beauty of the design, are all subordinated here to one intent and urgent purpose; for there is nothing avoided or lightly passed over in them that might fit their maker to be "a messenger" with us, "an interpreter, one among a thousand." This purpose of interpretation alone would be sufficient reason for a few words concerning the design given as a frontispiece to the

present number, inasmuch as it is reproduced from one of these cartoons. But there is a yet further reason, for since one theme runs through the entire series of windows and mosaics, this series is rightly to be thought of as one picture of many sections; and therefore it is necessary to give, so far as words can, the entire subject of these designs, and more particularly to describe those inventions which immediately surround the cartoon in question.

Briefly, the scheme is disposed thus. The subject of the song is given out in the six windows of the chancel, in this order. In the first window, Paradise: "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting." In the second, The Nativity: "When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man." In the third, The Crucifixion: "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death." In the fourth, The Ascension: "Thou sittest at the right hand of God." In the fifth, Pentecost: "Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints." And in the sixth, The Judgment: "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our judge."

As in the east is shown the subject of the song, so in the west is epitomized, as it were, the singers of the song. In the head of the window, the cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, "Holy, holy, holy;" and below, in the four lights, are St. John the Baptist, the Forerunner; St. Peter glorifying Christ as the Son of God; St. James the Martyr ascribing salvation to the Lamb; and St. John the Divine desiring the second coming. The rest of the Te Deum Laudamus is worked out thus: On the north side, in glass, is shown "The glorious company of the Apostles;" on the south, in mosaics, "The goodly fellowship of the Prophets;" while the glass of the transepts symbolizes "The noble army of Martyrs."

But it is with the glass on the north side that we are immediately concerned. The easternmost of the four two-light windows contains St. Bartholomew and St. Thomas; and in the smaller compartments below, Mary Magdalene and Lazarus. The next window, St. Matthew and St. James the Less; and below them, the Woman who was a sinner and Dorcas. The third, St. Jude and St. Simon Zelotes; and below, St. Barnabas and the Ethiopian Eunuch. In the fourth and last window is St. Matthias, the apostle chosen by lot to occupy the place from which "Judas by transgression fell;" St. Paul, the "one born out of due time;" and beneath them the Philippian Jailor, and Priscilla and Aquila. It is to this last fourfold group that our illustration belongs.

The representation of St. Paul seeks to embody something of that passionate fervour of Christian love which finds expression in his parting words to the elders of Ephesus, "I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men;" "Watch and remember that for the space of three years I ceased not to warn everyone night and day with tears." He stands, with arms flung wide as self-crucified, and glorying in the proclamation of the Cross of Christ, worn with toils and persecutions. On either side of him are depicted symbols of the aspects and results of his labours

towards the heathen world and the circumcision, and these are exemplified in the selection of the figures which are placed below him in the series of the Holy Church, being, as aforesaid, the Roman Jailor of Philippi, the first Gentile result of St. Paul's stripes at the hands of Gentile rulers, and by him brought out of the dark prison-house of heathenism; and flanking this, the group here reproduced of Priscilla and Aquila, representative of the great Apostle's converts from Judaism, for since it is said that St. Paul dwelt with them at Corinth, not on account of brotherhood in the faith, but because they were of "the same craft," it is probable that they embraced the Gospel under St. Paul's teaching, and that this was the ground of that deep gratitude and devotion which, at a later period, found full vent when they hazarded their lives, "laying down their own necks" for Paul's sake. Hence they appear here, as after the labours of the day, by lamplight, searching the Holy Scriptures for the testimony borne in prophecy to Christ. Priscilla, who is often named first, as perhaps having the more pronounced individuality, with eager intensity presses her husband's hand as she reads with enlightened eyes the word of Zechariah, "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness."

And again, the Jewish disciples are placed beneath St. Paul because their very names recall how, side by side with them, he wrought at tent-making, labouring with his own hands night and day that he might not be chargeable unto the churches, in pursuance of his noble determination to seek not theirs, but them; to spend and to be spent for them; so that when questioned, What then is your reward? he might reply, "Verily that when I preach the Gospel I may make it without charge," and so cut off all occasion from those who sought to accuse him that he made gain of the preaching of the Gospel.

Above the whole fourfold group, there floats in the six-foil window an angel flying with a scroll inscribed "The Everlasting Gospel," and bearing also a ship, significant of the missionary labours of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

UPB

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In drawing attention to our own work, we have added, with their permission, the names of those workers in art whose aim seems to us most nearly to accord with the chief aim of this magazine. Our list at present is necessarily limited, but with time and care we hope to remedy this defect.

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Mr. CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Mr. Campbell's new plate after Mr. E. Burne Jones' picture of "Pan and Psyche," may now be seen at Mr. Dunthorne's, printseller, Vigo St., Regent St., W.

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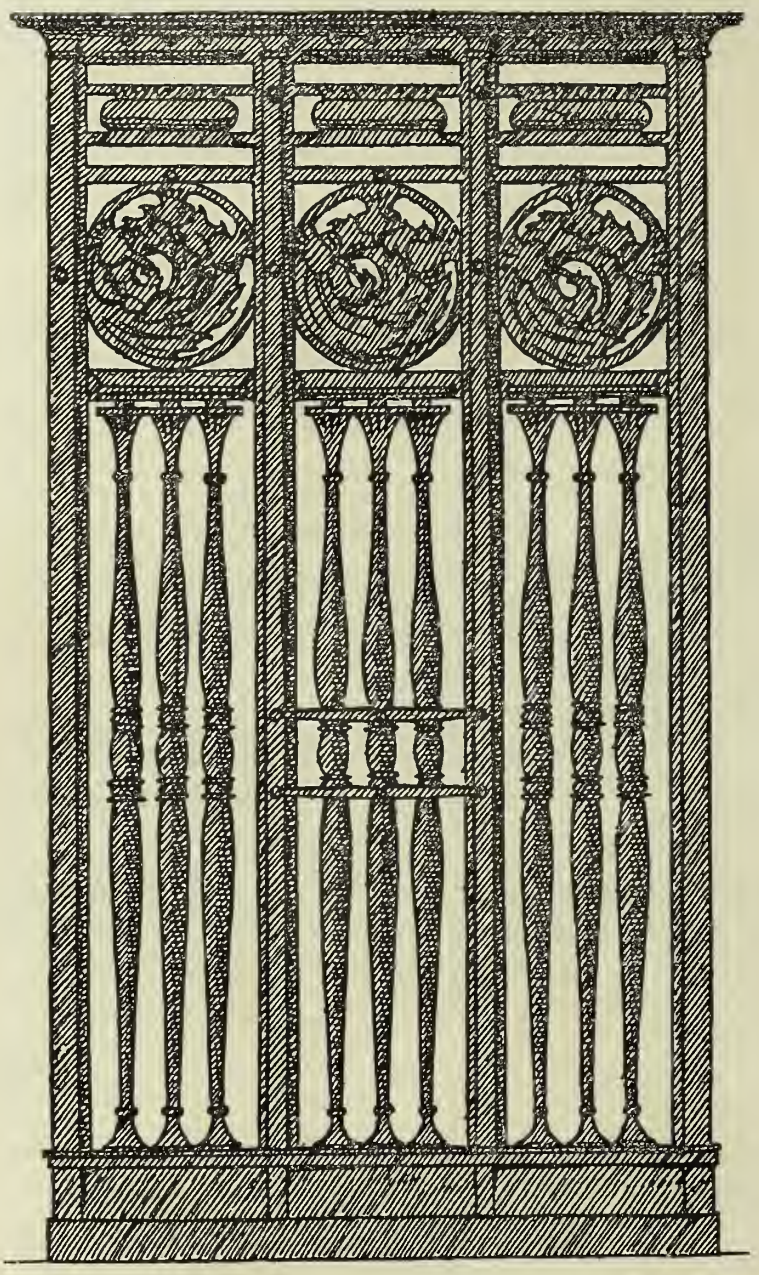

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